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For full particulars address J. M. PATTER, 262-264 Second Street, Omaha, Neb.

PURISSIMA ET OPTIMA.

I am a Woman.

I am a woman—therefore I may not do to him, or to him, or to him.

And when he comes to me, I must be quiet; still as a stone.

Harder and colder. If my heart riot—Calm and let it—Should I grow colder—Say one dear thing to him.

Oh! my life flew to him. Oh! to him—What to atone is—Enough for my sinning!

This was the cost to me. This was my winning—That he were lost to me!

Not as a lover as if he parted from me. Tearing my heart from me—Hart beyond cure—Calm and denature

Then my behavior; Showing no state to him. By look and word to him. Pity me—lean to me—Christ—my Savior!

—Scribner's for January.

WELL, sonny, it says to the student: When you get up on the morning; When a chum of mine forgets it; We separate then and there.

I kept telling Jim Smith this. He allowed me to be a student; But he went his own path all the same. His tune was—"Go it, or bust!"

We were out in Kansas together. Jim and me, in the year fifty-eight; They had made it so hot in Missouri; We concluded not to wait.

So we went to the States; I even Jim soon saw that we must; I had only my own ear. And Jim not a red, being out.

Wagon, as aforesaid, to Kansas. And had scarce been there a week When we started for the States; Who had scarce returned from Pike's Peak. He dropped there a good one, one night. And showed me a bag full of dust. Said Jim, "It's gold, it was late. 'Nary wait," said he, "Pike's Peak, or bust!"

Foot and thought over the matter. And made up my mind that next day I would go about Jim and see what he had. He'd turned in, and was snoring away. I nudged him, from the smile that he wore. He was alone the sleep of the just. Who had not a whit of a shiver. And I was alone there—and bust.

Unknown he had detected my whisky. And gone back on me thus from the start; He had got up and got before morning. And stolen my oxen and cart! And I was alone there—and bust.

Why the deuced case had abandoned. Was inquired, and the minor he said; He'd turned in, and was snoring away. I nudged him, from the smile that he wore. He was alone the sleep of the just. Who had not a whit of a shiver. And I was alone there—and bust.

That was a mighty rough country to travel. All and to the foot of the Peak—Vegetation as abundant. As that yellow fun on your cheek. Not a tree or a bush, or a weed, or a grass. And never a stream you could trust—There was all that something in all—But no Peak, and no Jim—was he bust?

The track of the wagon we followed. Would be lost for a time, and then found—Like the rivers that sink in that desert, ad as confident as the wind. Was better than thunder one hour. And the next there would come a cold gust slip down from the snow on the Peak?—The next day, no Jim—was he bust?

Four days we sighted the wagon. "You have got Jim at last now," they said; But he'd hidden 'neath something the matter—And what are those birds overhead? Not buzzards! A ox, too, is down. And a leg through the grass there is thrust. Hat, belt, shirt, and trousers, and done! "Ho! Yank!" Silence men—Jim is bust!

Poor Jim! At his feet lay his rifle. Close by it his whip and a boot; There were marks all round of a tussle. With some treacherous dog of a Ute—A somewhat snarling with blood—And Jim lying as dead in the dust. And daubed, by himself, on my cart. Was his epitaph—"Pike's Peak, or Bust!"—From the "Herald,"

Getting Plenty of Fresh Eggs. In a long communication to the Geomantown Telegraph on the subject of poultry, Mr. E. Wright, of Hudson, Michigan, writes as follows: "I have had plenty of good flavored fresh eggs with little trouble, and think if there is any secret in it has discovered it, and makes the same public for the benefit of all interested."

"Once, thirty years ago, I was troubled just as my neighbor now is; I had my hens plenty of corn and got but few eggs. I reasoned upon the matter, and happened to think that the corn must be bad, and I made hens lay eggs I tried it, and since then have had no trouble. My mode of preparing the feed is to mix equal parts of bran with one of middlings. In the morning I wet up with water about four quarts of the mixture in a large tin pan, taking pains to have it rather dry, though all damp. This I set in a warm sunny spot, south of the house, and let it stand until it is shed, and they walk up, take a few dips, do not seem to fancy it like corn, and start off on a short hunt for something better but always coming round in a short time for it. In the morning I wet up with bran. There is little time during the whole day but what one or more are standing by the pan and helping themselves. I am careful to mix for them just about as much as they will consume during the day. At night, just before they repair to roost, I usually throw them about a pint of shelled corn, well scattered, so that each one can get a few kernels. If your hens do not incline to eat this feed at first, sprinkle a little Indian meal on it. I would like all who complain of not getting eggs to try my plan, and I think they will never lay."

Subscribe for the HERALD.

INTERVIEWING GEN. FRANK BLAIR.

Why he Didn't get Elected.

"I was considerably astonished, General, by the news from Jefferson City. I looked upon your election for Senator as a foregone conclusion."

"But I wasn't elected."

"So I understand; how did it come about?"

"Oh! Some of those fellows took the notion I wasn't well enough to perform the duties, because I have paralysis."

"What was it that?"

"It wouldn't have made a particle of difference."

"But you are a leader in the Democratic party; how did they come to select a politician like you?"

"I don't know; but I think they were abundance? Where were Phelps and Rollins—why were their claims forgotten?"

"Money, sir; money!"

"So savagely were the words uttered that I bounded upright, and stared at the recurrent form before me. The General smiled grimly at my stare, but said nothing. I looked from his face to his eyes, and the latter fixed my attention. I then the interest they possessed for the warrior. They were drawn up in lines, the great man looked like the first section of a military column of fours, on the commandant was on the right in the center of the left. The General was seeking consolation in marital reminiscence."

"How money, General?"

"It was bought, sir," said the General, bringing the section to a rig-t-about face, and scrutinizing the sole of his foot. "I heard there was such a rumor."

"It's true, it's true, and I know it. And he shot his leg down till his toes came into position. I then from the Gal that had it said, 'five cents, please,' and so there was a lot of five-cent changed hands; then there was a peanut stand, and they went like Hot oysters did at supper. The thing was a success; the old folks talked and the young ones danced, and the Babies squealed, and the proceeds of the thing went to the Treasurer of the grange, now as have have commenced a having a good time, and some of the Plattsmouth folks is out in this Neighborhood, we intend to have the Holley days over again; and now mister Tip Top, if you can find a place in your paper to put this here document with out too much trouble, I stick er in. I don't care about having it in mine, case I am Here and know all about it. If I can get time I will write about Next Bugzen time."

Inscribe myself L. NASHBAUGH. Fetch along your corn, mister, we want it.—[Ed.]

A Chapter from Steward's Testimony. (Before Credit Mobilier Committee.)

Chairman, I ask you to state to whom you paid the bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, or any part thereof? I will not speak of dealings with my clients.

You refuse then to state to whom you paid or delivered the bonds of which you have spoken, or any part thereof? I repeat and now state I will make no statement about the business of my clients.

Do you refuse to state to the committee to whom you delivered the bonds, or state what you did with them? To do so would place me in a position in which I do not desire to be placed.

I give you another opportunity to answer the question. Do you refuse to answer the length of his body and dropped off his head. Here and there it stopped and seemed expostulating with those around it, but they paid no attention to it. The form of his body was that of a man; his arms were outstretched, and his legs were spread apart. He fell into a crack between two bricks.

"Who did they buy up, General?"

"I think I'll go around to the other side of the street," said the Hon. Frank to an attendant.

When your enemy retreats, follow him up. Allow me to assist you, General," and taking him by the arm I helped him along and put him into another little bed. Side by side we lay again, and I noticed that he eyed me suspiciously.

"Are you not connected with the Globe?"

Colfax Before the Committee. Special Dispatch to the St. Louis Globe.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE. WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.

This has been a field-day in the House committee. Mr. Colfax appeared by himself. Hon. R. S. Hale, formerly of New York, being the representative selected for this purpose. It is a pity that this step was not taken before, as the matter assumed too grave an aspect to be left to the loose, ad hoc proceedings of the present investigation.

Mr. Hale declared that he should prove where the suspicious \$1,200,000 came from on the 22d of June, 1871, and asked Williams did you do it? Vice President is one of great sadness to believe him capable of false swearing, and justly doomed to national disgrace.

Those who do not admit the circumstantial links are willing to believe that there was an unintentional error of statement. Mr. Colfax's own bold denials are affecting judgments, and there is a report that he has asked the members of the Indiana House delegation to ask for a committee to prepare articles of impeachment.

One thing is certain. Mr. Ames has a report that he has asked the members of the Indiana House delegation to ask for a committee to prepare articles of impeachment.

It seems to grow easier and more self-satisfied, laughing over every embarrassing incident and enjoying his own sour witticisms over other's discomfitures. He appears to believe that the venue has changed from one of using corrupt influences to that of others being proved false. He left here to-night for Massachusetts. It is hoped he will, on his return, produce the pertinent memorandum-book, by the contents of which reputations have been measured.

OUR FUNNY MAN'S LETTER.

ELMWOOD, NEBRASKA, January New Moon, 1873.

Now, mister HERALD, man, as I have seen several little pieces in your paper, that I have the good luck to take, but I guess my time of subscription is about out; but I will fetch you a few sacks of corn and take it again for I think that every Christian ought to have it about the house, and not without paying for it either. Now then, about a little information as regards the weather out Hear; it has been all either Breezy around here and with bad weather that has troubl'd the folks that I know about here had to stay to hum most of the time, and save their shoe leather for the wet weather in the spring. Now as I have told you about the weather, I will tell you about the Bonds. Now that is a lot of different kind of Bonds, but the kind that I know of is Bonds for the rail road in this Here county. We all of us that wanted them voted them clean sweep, and hope that we want have to take our truck all over the county to get to give it to some fellows to take it out of the State. I am Bonds all over and don't care who knows it.

Now, as I was saying about them pieces I send in your paper about them festivals and gais, now then, the folks about here got up a festival at our school house the other evening, and we had a jolly good time. The first thing I send was a feller named called out, and told us how there was a letter for him, and he looked kinder funny and said he thought that he would take it, but the Gal that had it said, 'five cents, please,' and so there was a lot of five-cent changed hands; then there was a peanut stand, and they went like Hot oysters did at supper. The thing was a success; the old folks talked and the young ones danced, and the Babies squealed, and the proceeds of the thing went to the Treasurer of the grange, now as have have commenced a having a good time, and some of the Plattsmouth folks is out in this Neighborhood, we intend to have the Holley days over again; and now mister Tip Top, if you can find a place in your paper to put this here document with out too much trouble, I stick er in. I don't care about having it in mine, case I am Here and know all about it. If I can get time I will write about Next Bugzen time."

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What do John M. Thayer, Ex-M. C., and A. Hau, Co. Sec. ex chairman of the Indiana State Central Committee, both distinguished citizens of Lincoln, know about Credit Mobilier stock for electioneering purposes? Was it some where about \$5,000 for Nebraska—and much for Indiana? Will Ames (Cobb, also an ex-M. C. and now to be again), president of several distinguished companies, etc., tell us about that letter in which he referred to Wisconsin, as related by the Milwaukee News? Let's hear from 'em—Statesman.

Warmouth or Durrell. A St. Louis Democrat Reporter interviewed Gen. Warmouth, of Louisiana, as to his ideas of Judge Durrell, and here they are:

"Do you think Judge Durrell will be impeached?"

"Yes, I do."

"Does he drink?"

"Does he drink much?"

"He does pretty well."

"Does he get drunk?"

"Well, I don't know but what it is safe to say that either Durrell gets drunk, or the drunk gets Durrell."

"There is a report that he is a drunkard. I shouldn't like to commit myself to a statement to that effect, but I don't think I do him any injustice when I say that for good, steady drinking, such drinking as would really be a good deal to look at; sound drinking; drinking with a substantial basis; established on a strong platform, Durrell is to be relied upon."

"Does he get drunk on the bench?"

"No, I think not. My impression is—mind, this is only an impression—my impression is he gets drunk at home, before he goes on the bench."

"He has been known to get drunk on the bench?"

"Oh! Durrell is a good fellow, you know; but I may venture the remark that his whisky is the best part of him."

Bad Bills Collected. Billy Bangs is a collector of bills in Philadelphia. Every body knows Billy there, and he collects the worst kind of bills—bills that people are willing to throw away, and which would be thrown away, if it were not for Billy.

As it is they give their bad bills to Billy to collect.

Billy Bangs wears a very high hat—a family relic. On the top he has painted in large flaming letters, "Bad Bills Collected."

This array, with everybody looking at it, has annoyed and annoyed at the debtor's office, and stands around the door and makes the premises look generally rather ridiculous. Billy Bangs, who is a very good fellow, and who gives the rest of his "clients."

Last week Billy was arrested. He went and stood round Dr. William H. Brown's office on election day. He called three or four times, always showing his hat to passers by. By and by Dr. Brown got mad, and he went and kicked Mr. Bangs out—kicked him clear across the street. Dr. Brown testified that Billy had collected his account, that he got all his neighbors laughing at him—that he was constantly doing this to good citizens of Philadelphia, who failed to pay all their bills.

The result was Billy's arrest. The court said they had no right to regulate Bang's hats, and that he could wear a "plug" hat all covered with letters if he wanted to. So Billy got the top of everybody in Philadelphia—who don't pay.

Edens on the Missouri Senatorial Squabble. JEFFERSON CITY, January 29.

The committee held a meeting this afternoon.

Mr. Edens, the ex-member from Mississippi, was put on the stand. He was asked by the committee, "What was the result of your investigation?"

He answered that he had no objection to the names of the persons to whom he delivered the bonds or money is not protected by the legal privilege of counsel and client.

Chairman, I state to you, Mr. Stewart, that the committee, having had this matter under consideration, it is their opinion that you have no right to withhold the answer.

I presume I have the same rights here in my examination as I had in the discharge of my duty as counsel, negotiator and umpire. For me to answer the question would be to create dissension among parties and destroy the confidence now existing between them. You have no right to inquire into subjects pertaining to private affairs.

Witness having been asked as to what kind of bonds Mr. Hale received, said to the best of his judgment, they were of the same description and part of the bonds witness had received.

Are you apprehensive that in answering the questions heretofore asked the effect would be to create strife between your clients? I am satisfied such would be the effect.

Did you deliver the bonds to any newspaper correspondent? That is repeating your question, I say I did not.

Where do you live? That is immaterial to the purpose of this examination.

Do they live in Washington? I do decline to answer.

In reply to remarks made by Shellabarger, the witness said he felt it to be his duty to his clients to decline to answer the question.

Then you adhere to your position? I cannot use language plain than I have already used.

James T. Wilson here said he had telegraphed to J. M. S. Williams to the effect that Spence, yesterday, had testified that Williams told Spence to give Williams a check for \$120,000 March 9, 1871, and asked Williams did you do it at that time, or any other to which telegram Williams replied, "I never gave him directions to give you any portion of the \$120,000; do not believe you had anything to do with it. My recollection is that Dodge, chairman of the committee, had the whole direction of it."

The committee then requested the gentlemen to retire, as they wished to hold a private consultation, evidently with reference to the refusal of Mr. Stewart to answer the questions propounded.